

TOCH JOURNAL

VOL. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1947

No. 12

CHRISTMAS

'The dayspring from on high hath visited us'

THE Christmas story, old now in years, is like all classics ever new. True at all times for all men, it has a fresh significance and a new power of coming alive and creating new life every year to meet a new crisis in the lives of men.

In a world diseased, disintegrated and disillusioned to a degree unsurpassed in its history, there is set as the symbol of wholeness, of reunion, and of hope, the picture of the Mother and Child in the manger. Since the visit of the first Kings and Shepherds, all sorts and conditions of men have brought their gifts to the Christ-child.

The hopes and fears, joys and sorrows of every human family and the whole family of mankind are centred on the light that streams from that manger. According as we bring the life of this our Family as an offering at the cradle, so shall we receive it back renewed and revitalised for the creative work which we believe God intends for us in the world to-day.

'Let us go now even unto Bethlehem and see'

'In Thy Light shall we see light'.

HAROLD HOWE,
Administrator.



A NEW-BORN FAIRBRIDGE FOAL.

"WARMED BY THE SUN"

When KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE, the young Oxford Rhodes Scholar, died in 1924, the memorial of his love for children took shape in the Fairbridge Farm Schools. The JOURNAL of Nov., 1934, told of the Schools in Australia; another article appeared in Jan., 1937. Now comes the turn of Canada in an article for which we are indebted to Mr. G. C. WARNOCK.

THE Indians called the valley *Cowichan*—‘warmed by the sun’—a paradise of woods and streams, tall timbers, and rivers. The early settlers had hewn farms along the rivers, built roads, and got goodness from the warm, sun-tanned earth. Later the loggers came in with their horses, axes, and saws, and much later still with huge noisy donkey engines, bulldozers and highleads.

One of these farms, some 1,200 acres of forest and farmland, was Pemberlea. That was up until 1934 when business men from Victoria and Vancouver would meet for a few days’ hunting. Pheasants and deer lived there in numbers and the hunter’s bag was well filled at the end of the day. The streams were alive with fighting trout, and the angler was well pleased. Many a big business deal was made around the table of the spacious farmhouse following a day’s hunting.

Then in 1935 along came Fairbridge Farm School scouts looking for a place where children, handicapped by living in slums, could grow into healthy, valuable citizens of a growing Dominion. What they saw among the forest trees and down the rivers through the fields made them decide that here at last was that paradise for children they had hoped to find.

Work started almost at once. Loggers brought in their equipment and felled the monster trees. So big were the roots and stumps that the builders decided to build over them rather than pull the butts out. The Dining Hall, designed to please the eye of the British child with memories of his homeland, covers one of these huge stumps some 10 feet in diameter. Enough lumber came from this monster to build many of the cottages which sprang up in a huge horseshoe around the central eating-place.

Staff arrived and soon the cottages were ready to receive the first group of potential Canadian Citizens under the Fairbridge Farm School plan of emigration. The teachers, hired and paid by the British Columbia Department of Education, sat on freshly

cut fir-stumps to watch their pupils arrive. Soon boys and girls were running saucer-eyed through the various rooms of their new home, inspecting the furniture and marvelling at the modern conveniences they had not known in their Newcastle houses. The kindly cottage mothers who were to be the parents which some had not known were overcome by the invasion and contrived to have the boys and girls play outside among the trees and in the fields. It was no good, for soon their adopted sons and daughters were around their feet again. "We can't play outside. There's no streets to play in."

Adjustment and Development

Adjustment to the new life was rapid and soon at every pool along the Kokasihah River and Glenora Creek was a youthful angler with a piece of string and a bent pin rapidly learning how to pierce a worm to make it stay on the hook first try. Romantic minds with tireless legs roamed the valleys through the tall timbers and discovered the settler's log hut, long since abandoned, but rich in potential make-believe. Soon a feathered head, complete with bow, arrow, and tomahawk led his whooping braves to attack the settler. Arrows pierced the log chinking, adding other marks to those of the more frightful arrows of earlier days. Excitement was at its peak when real arrowheads made by the Cowichan Indians years ago were dug up in a clearing by little British boys some 7,000 miles from home embarking on a new life in a land of vastness and plenty, far away from want and crowded homes.

More boys and girls arrived from time to time and more buildings rose up around the horseshoe. A nine-roomed school with its technical education equipment and domestic science room gave the children a complete and well rounded education from the same curriculum and administered by highly qualified teachers to the same high standard as the best of British Columbia schools. A Church grew up designed by the hand of the late Sir Herbert Baker. The growing child's spiritual life was being cared for. The boys received a good practical training from the Farm Staff as they grew older, while the girls did practical work in domestic science. In the sixteen-bed hospital a girl could decide if her vocation might be nursing.



Farmers of tomorrow, watching points.

Recreation was assured by a fine indoor gymnasium and a thirteen-acre playing-field. Basketball, football, rugby, baseball, cricket, track and field sports were a few of the athletic activities in which many learned to excel. It was no accident, but a well planned diet, a carefully divided daily life, and good coaching which enabled the Fairbridge junior girls team to capture the British Columbia Basketball championship from their more experienced Canadian competitors.

Vocational Guidance

Alongside the education and training programme there is the very important feature of Vocational Guidance. This department is directed by the experienced hand of the After Care Officer who has known the students through their school days, studied and watched them through their training and duty periods, and having tested them formally by various industrial, intelligence, and achievement tests with the help of the Day School Principal, he is well able to advise a boy or girl to take higher education

wards a professional career, master a trade to which he shows strong aptitude, apprentice to a farmer with a view to operating his own farm, and innumerable other vocations to which students are found to be suited. This officer follows the career of the boy or girl through until the age of twenty-one or as long after as the Fairbridgeian may wish assistance or guidance. He visits the places of employment and inspects living and working conditions at regular intervals. He is ever ready to help the young man or woman over a high hurdle, or advise an employer on matters pertaining to the future advancement of his charges. It is not often that he misses a wedding ceremony of his young men and women, he takes a kindly interest in the everyday life of the second generation. The After Care Officer's cabinet contains applications from employers so numerous that they cannot be filled.

War Service—and after:

The World War Two was a blow to Fairbridge Farm School on Vancouver Island. Boys had been trained through to manhood to take part in constructive, peaceful pursuits. The first graduates were just getting started in their different fields of employment and ready to prove by their successes the real value of this form of training for child emigrants. These children, now grown to manhood and womanhood, could not forget that they were of British stock and that England was in need of fighting strength. At the termination of hostilities with Japan in August, 1945, ninety-five per cent. of the boys and thirty-six per cent. of the girls eligible by age to serve had volunteered. All branches of the services was represented, including the Merchant Navy. It was a grand showing and many found their way to their homeland to visit old familiar boyhood places. Some gave their lives. Of the fighting men and women who came home again, everyone started in where they had left off their life as Canadian Citizens. They are a credit to Canada, and a bulwark to Britain in time of need: a further proof that England never loses her best men who emigrate, but that these sons and daughters return to do their duty when required, and that they return equipped and trained by their adopted country.

John, 21 years of age, is now employed by Jameson Coffee Company of Victoria, B.C. He is doing well at his work, takes



"For to plough and to sow"—Young farmers at work.

part in the social and religious activities of the community, and has many friends. He has on deposit with the School, \$1,117.35, the savings of five years, and also has a small account of his own.

Edward, aged 19, is engaged as a ranch hand in the Kamloops area. He has acquired expert knowledge of the production of beef-cattle and can handle all work connected with ranching. Last year he undertook the wintering of 300 head of cattle, living by himself thirty miles from the home ranch. He lost but one head. He has developed the pioneer spirit to a remarkable degree and after a holiday at his home school last autumn, departed with the plans and specifications of a log cabin which he will build. His hobbies of music, philately, and handicrafts are the result of self-teaching. He plans to own a herd one day and has saved over \$1,500 with that in view.

Molly, aged 21, is happily married to a fine young man who has provided a lovely modern home in Vancouver, B.C. Previous to settling down to married life, Molly had been employed as a cashier in the Hudson Bay Company's department store. She was very loyal to her Company and took a prominent part in the Beaver Club activities. When she became of age she arranged for the transfer of her account in a most business-like fashion.

All her friends are Canadian and she participates fully in the social and religious activities of her community.

England has many such Johns and Edwards and Mollys, and Canada needs so very many such wholesome British stock. Many of these children live in underprivileged surroundings. To them the future would seem to hold but little opportunity. Their parents, if they may know their parents, have despaired of any hope of offering to their children more than they themselves had been offered. In some instances it is a broken home which handicaps the child. He may feel keenly that his presence in the family is an unfortunate hindrance. These children are of average mentality or better—some much better. They have bodies capable of being made physically fit—or they are already physically fit. To be really successful citizens all they require is the opportunity to use the gifts God gave them. Fairbridge Farm Schools have long known the worthwhileness of these children, and through Fairbridge, Canada has found the real answer to her immigration needs—child immigration where the child grows up trained to the needs and customs of the country, and Fairbridge Farm Schools are ever ready to guide the youthful emigrant to the gateway of the Cowichan Valley, there to be “warmed by the sun”.

G. C. WARNOCK.



'A GOOD DEED'

Under this title the *Exeter Express and Echo* of October 1 tells the following story :

“A mother living at Fleet, Hants, had been told that her 4½-year-old blind, deaf, dumb and crippled daughter should see a specialist living in Cornwall. At a loss to know how to travel down she approached the local Branch of Toc H.

Within ten days the movement had made contact with Branches between Fleet and Wadebridge and set up a private transport service. The mother and her daughter set off from their home at about 10 a.m. and travelled in the first car to Salisbury. From there a local member drove them to Yeovil. The route went on—Chard, Honiton, Exeter, Okehampton, Launceston, Wadebridge . . . After treatment for the child, the pair travelled back. Arriving in Exeter for lunch, they were entertained by the local Secretary. The Branch Padre drove them to Honiton, and the ‘ferry service’ transported them onwards to home”.

'The sequel is told thus in the *Hants and Berks Gazette* of October 10 :

"All who know Mrs. E. Startup of Lyndford Terrace, will rejoice to know that her little daughter, Joyce, who has been paralysed from birth, is now able to stand on her legs and is learning to walk . . . Ever since Joyce's birth, four and a half years ago, her mother has tried every suggested source in the hope of finding a cure. Having heard of miraculous cures effected by a Mr. Edwards, of Wadebridge, Cornwall, the mother naturally desired to find out if he could do anything for her little girl, but the difficulty was how to get to Cornwall. Fleet Toc H came to the rescue (*it is then described*) . . . The journey was made on September 20 . . . and the return on September 23".



THE ELDER BRETHREN

*" Seeing we are compassed about
With so great a cloud of witnesses."*

BIRTLES.—On October 7, WILFRED J. BIRTLES, aged 44, a member of Codsall No. 1 Branch. Elected 20.9.'46.

COGHILL.—On October 13, WILLIAM J. COGHILL, aged 47, a member of Edinburgh Branch and Warden of Dalry Boys' Club.

ELLISON.—On October 27, Sir GERALD ELLISON, K.C.B., a member transferred from the Cavendish Association, 1922.

LEWIS.—On October 5, as the result of a car accident, ALBERT EDWARD YORKE LEWIS, a member of Westwood group. Elected 8.4.'42.

MACKENZIE.—In October, WALTER A. MACKENZIE, of Dunkeld, a founder member of Toc H Johannesburg, and a Chairman of Finance, in Southern Africa.

PATERSON.—On November 7, Sir ALEXANDER ('ALEC') PATERSON, aged 62, Oxford, Bermondsey and H.M. Prison Commission, Chairman of Toc H, 1922-24, a Foundation Member. (*A notice will appear next month.*)

PHELPS.—On October 18, A. W. PHELPS, a member of Colombo Branch.

SARAM.—On October 23, Dr. G. H. de SARAM, a founder member of Toc H Colombo.



A Drama Class studying their parts in the grounds of Bakers Cross, Cranbrook, the N.A.B.C. Training Centre.

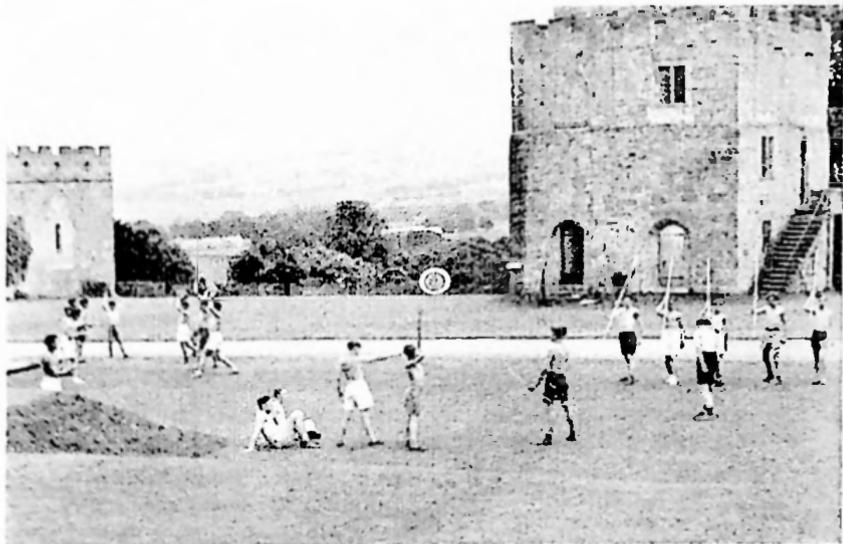
FORWARD MARCH—II. BOYS' CLUBS

Here is the second of a short series of articles outlining the ideas and plans of the main Youth Organisations in their 'forward march' through a changing world. For the present contribution we are indebted to Mr. MICHAEL BLACKMORE of the National Association of Boys' Clubs.

DURING the present century a great deal of progress has been made in the field of social endeavour, due to an awakening of public opinion, and one of the most noticeable signs of this is to be seen in the steady growth of interest in the problems and welfare of young people. Today there are several organizations catering (either directly or indirectly) for the needs of youth, and although the methods employed by these bodies may differ, their purpose is the same: to train the generation now growing to maturity in such a way that it may be able to play its full part in the future life of the nation.

In its specialized field of Boys' Club work the N.A.B.C pursues the above aim by developing in young people a corporate sense of citizenship and a devotion to the service of others. Fitness is a natural prerequisite of a full and useful life, and the term applies as much to mental and moral fitness as it does to physical health. The N.A.B.C. has always emphasized the *three-fold* nature of fitness, and in addition to providing facilities for sporting and athletic activities, it develops the mental faculties by stimulating an interest in current affairs and giving instruction in the arts—*e.g.*, music, drama and handicrafts. A high moral standard is achieved partly by bringing out the latent good qualities in each boy through his communal life in the club, and partly by the example set by his leaders and other officers. The Association, therefore, exercises the greatest care in the selection and training of its club leaders, many of whom undergo a six months' course at the N.A.B.C. training centre for leaders at St. Pierre, a fifteenth century manor-house near Chepstow, Monmouthshire.

These courses are by no means merely academic, nor do they deal only with the theoretical side of club management. During his course the potential full-time leader spends three periods away from St. Pierre and is then able to put his abilities to the test by working in selected clubs. By combining theory with



A physical training class on the lawn at Ford Castle.

practical work while he is still in training the man who wants to be a club leader obtains deeper insight into the tasks that will confront him, and at the same time he gains the satisfaction of discovering whether he has a genuine vocation for the work. At St. Pierre itself he attends lectures and discussions on the psychology of adolescent boys and learns something about their problems. Philosophy, civics and cultural subjects are also taught in order to provide future club leaders with what may be called an increased 'background' knowledge.

The training of senior boys (*i.e.*, those between the ages of 16 and 18) has developed very considerably within recent years, especially since the establishment of a Senior Boy Training Centre at Ford Castle, Northumberland. Short courses of a week's duration are held there regularly between May and October, and boys are selected to attend from clubs all over Britain. Senior boy training is, of course, an extension of ordinary club training in a more specialized form, and its purpose (among other things) is to stimulate enthusiasm and give direction to the desire for adventure. At Ford Castle boys are taught to think clearly and logically, and at the same time they

learn how to express their personalities, while observing tolerance and respect for the personality of others. The activities at Ford cover a wide range. Games, rock-climbing, archery, discussion groups and musical appreciation are typical examples—all of which are designed to give practical expression to the wide conception of fitness already mentioned.

By raising the standard of good taste and by developing their critical faculties the N.A.B.C. enables boys to take a fuller and more active part in the life of their club and ultimately in the life of the community itself. The appreciation of art in its various forms is recognized as an important aid to a full and useful existence; therefore boys who take an interest in these subjects are encouraged to attend special courses at Bakers Cross, Cranbrook, which is now the N.A.B.C. Arts Centre. Drama, handicrafts, drawing and painting are taught here and the courses are proving very successful. Boys who have visited Bakers Cross or Ford Castle invariably return to their clubs and enthuse their fellow members, thus winning new recruits for these training centres.

Since its inception, the National Association of Boys' Clubs has constantly adapted its training methods and technique to meet changing demands. Although clubs have always provided amenities and facilities for boys who need 'somewhere to go' during their leisure hours, they are making today an increasingly positive contribution to the welfare of the nation. They are teaching the lessons of self-discipline, loyalty, initiative and leadership, so that in addition to learning how to give allegiance to his club, the boy may also learn how to obey his own convictions and how to lead others.

MICHAEL BLACKMORE.

FOC H (*sic*)

It is regretted that the "economy in light" line appeared below a Toc H advertisement last week. The oil-lighted lamp is, of course, the central symbol of Toc H; the line calling for economy in light had reference to the general use of electricity and gas.

(*Dorset County Chronicle*, 30.10.'47.)

SCHOOL GUEST NIGHT

From Light on Toc H, West Midlands Area news-sheet, October.

Contact between Wellingborough Branch and Wellingborough School has always been very strong; at one time I can remember that out of a total membership of 52 exactly half were old boys of Wellingborough School who lived in the district.

This last term it was decided to put Toc H across to some of the senior boys who were due to leave at the end of the term, most of them to be called up for National Service. The plan went as follows. First of all, Ted Goodman (an old Wellingburian, now Toc H Secretary at Oxford University), talked to the boys about Toc H in general. At the end of his talk he invited the boys to lend a hand in doing a definite job, to give the crippled children from the local Shaftesbury Home an afternoon out two Saturdays later; the boys took it on.

The crippled children were duly collected and wheeled down to watch the cricket match between the School and the Town, and after a couple of hours of this the boys wheeled them into town and took them round the local Zoo, tea having been laid on, thanks to the ready help of the Curator. By this time the ice had been well and truly broken and boys and cripples were getting along famously. Please note that the boys had this job all to themselves, there wasn't a Toc H member in sight. Soon afterwards the cripples were loaded into lorries and driven home.

Now came the turn of the boys to be the guests of the Wellingborough Branch to a supper in the local cafe. Psychologically this was an excellent move. The boys' tails were well up at having pulled off what was probably their first experience of doing what we call a 'job'. The supper was a very hilarious affair, there being about twenty boys and thirty-five Toc H members present. After the meal (soup to ice cream!) it was my job to talk for a short while on Toc H, linking it up with the kind of job they had just been doing.

However bad the talk can have been, I am still positive that the whole operation has done a lot of good to introduce these lads to Toc H, and they went off very elated with the day's work and vowing to look for Toc H wherever they land up. I commend this idea of a 'sustained attack' as contrasted to an isolated, take-it-or-leave-it 'Toc H talk.'

J.C.

A CHRISTMAS BOX SUPPLEMENT

“When time comes round a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.”

John Gay, *Trivia*

Pessimists — Way Out!

Lett no man cum into this hall,
Grome, page, nor yet marshall,
But that sum sport he bryng withall;
For now ys the tyme of Crystymas!

Yff that he say he cannot sing,
Some oder sport then let him bring,
That yt may please at thys festyng:
For now ys the tyme of Crystymas!

Yff he say he can nowght do,
Then for my love aske hym no mo,
But to the stokkis then lett him go:
For now ys the tyme of Crystymas!

*Commonplace Book of
Richard Hill, 1500-55*

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS

Note for Branch Treasurers

A.D. 1125. In this year sent the King Henry, before Christmas, from Normandy to England, and bade that all the mint-man that were in England should be mutilated in their limbs. This was because the man that had a pound could not lay out a penny at a market. And the Bishop Roger of Salisbury sent all over England, and bade them all that they should come to Winchester at Christmas. When they came thither, then were they taken one by one, and deprived each of the right hand. All this was done within the Twelfth Night. And that was all in perfect justice, because that they had undone all the land with the great quantity of base coin that they all bought.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

Two 'Point'less Recipes

To MAKE PLUM POTTAGE

Take of Beef-soup made of Legs of Beef, 12 Quarts; if you wish it to be particularly good, add a couple of Tongues to be boil'd therein. Put fine Bread, slic'd, soak'd, and crumbled; Raisins of the Sun, Currants and Pruants two Lbs. of each; Lemons, Nutmegs, Mace and Cloaves are to be boil'd with it in a muslin Bag; add a Quart of Red Wine and let this be followed, after half an Hour's boylng, by a Pint of Sack.

Sussex Archaeological Society's Transactions.

SAUCE FOR A GOOSE

Take a faire panne, and set hit under the goose whill sche rostes, and kepe clene the gres that droppes therof, and put thereto a godele (good deal) of wyn and a litel vynegur, and verjus, and onyons mynced or garlek; then take the gottes of the goose, and slitte hom and scrape hom clene in watur and salte, and so wasshe hom, and sethe hom, and hak hom smal; then do all this togedur in a postenet, and do thereto raisinges of corance (Corinth) and pouder of pepur, and of gynger, and of canell, and hole cloves, and maces, and let hit boyle.

XIVth-XVth Century: Arundel Collection.



“To an open house in the evening,
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome;
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.”

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Woodcut by Albrecht Dürer, 1471-1528.

CHRISTMAS OFF THE BANKS

From TUBBY'S pen comes this impression written at sea at Christmas 1941, whilst he was travelling in M.V. Diplodon and the news of Pearl Harbour had just been received.

BOXING DAY morning, falling on a Friday, finds us proceeding South. The kittiwake, and diving guillemot, and even now and then some hardy porpoise, are equally enjoying the Gulf Stream. The sea-reading this morning is five degrees increase of temperature; so that we may account ourselves in clover. Our cares are now behind us on this trip. They have been many; and, as supercargo, I have been free of any single station, able to roam at will from Bridge to Engine-room, or further aft, where our six gunners dwell below their piece. Aft of them comes the galley as in all vessels of the Tanker type. And down below the galley are the quarters occupied by our allies, the Chinese: of whom there are in number thirty-nine.

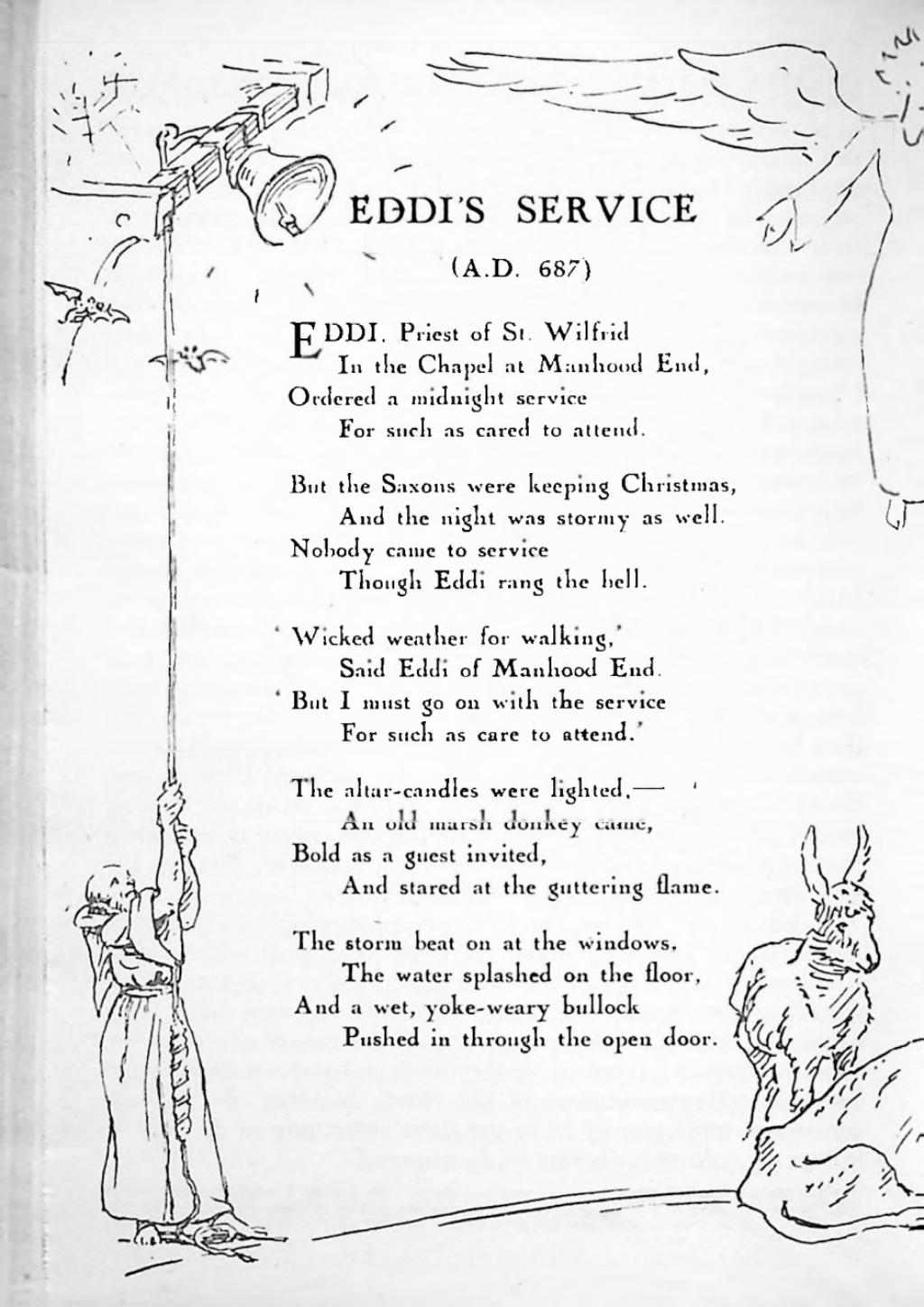
I feel that I have singularly failed to study the Chinese who are my shipmates. Absence of any words in their tongue almost prohibits general conversation, and they are like as peas to one another. I pride myself on having, in three weeks, learnt to distinguish the four Quartermasters, mainly by their gold teeth when they smile back. That is the limit of my present learning; and I confess to coveting the ease with which my host in Stamboul in 1939 who came to see me off, conversed with them. They were amazed, as I was, to discover that he could talk Chinese; a rare accomplishment. They laid aside reserve with sudden freedom, and answered him with joy and animation. Their faces shone with pleasure, when they found that one of their employers knew Chinese.

Here let me add that I find it beyond me to look askance at the elaborate shrine which they have rigged up in their spotless mess-room. It occupies a shelf, facing the entrance, and represents (so far as I can learn) a Chinese Temple, constantly improved. Before its portals, half a dozen joss-sticks smoulder with their peculiar effluence. Enter at night, and you may find the rations

to be consumed next day are being offered. Being myself unused to Chinese shipmates, I was a trifled startled to discover a frozen pig freshly emerged from a refrigerator, with his snout reverently set towards the shrine, as in obeisance. Upon the morrow, he would be their dinner; but on the eve he rigidly maintained his last and lonely vigil. I was moved when next I found that Christmas decorations, and even Christmas crackers, with their mottoes—perhaps the lowest rung of Western humour—were brought into the service of the shrine, and became Talismans of Chinese virtue. One of their men, at least, is a real artist, and—when off duty—loves to carve and paint in pious lettering those incantations, which (we were thus assured) deflect torpedoes and cause the Condors to have engine trouble, as they endeavour to approach the ship.

I do not share the faith of the Chinese. Yet I must own to profound respect for this or any other form of faith which will enable a peace-loving people to tread the path of courage in rough waters. And since it is my firm conviction that this conflict is, in the last resort, not one between two forms of government but rather fought to prove that those who most love peace can be invincible when roused, then I rejoice that the Chinese form part of our alliance. Those who love Hackluyt cannot forget that in the *Golden Hind*, captured Chinese produced to Drake's amazement the compass, made of floating straws with needles, which kept her on her course in unknown seas. Our humble shipmates have their ancestry. Not for the first time do they share our perils.

So far as I can learn, the Chinese crews which are today on the Atlantic run, are none too well equipped with winter clothing. The Company has done a lot for them, since they first signed on at Singapore, where most of our men have their families. But their three years' contract did not, of course, at the time contemplate exposure of the nineteen hands on deck to the intensely trying conditions of the North Atlantic. So my first job ashore must plainly be to get them something in the way of winter rig. America is sure to do us proud. P.B.C.



EDDI'S SERVICE

(A.D. 687)

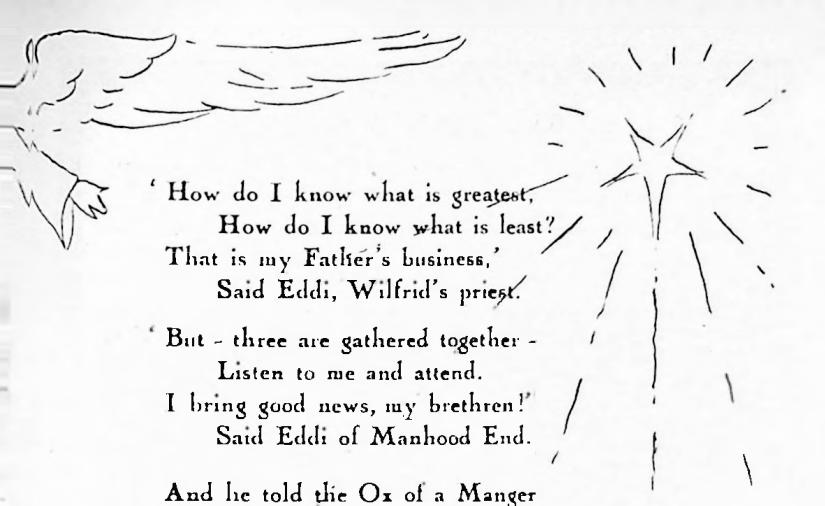
EDDI, Priest of St. Wilfrid
In the Chapel at Manhood End,
Ordered a midnight service
For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas,
And the night was stormy as well.
Nobody came to service
Though Eddi rang the bell.

‘Wicked weather for walking,’
Said Eddi of Manhood End.
‘But I must go on with the service
For such as care to attend.’

The altar-candles were lighted.—
An old marsh donkey came,
Bold as a guest invited,
And stared at the guttering flame.

The storm beat on at the windows,
The water splashed on the floor,
And a wet, yoke-weary bullock
Pushed in through the open door.



' How do I know what is greatest,
How do I know what is least?
That is my Father's business,'
Said Eddi, Wilfrid's priest.

' But - three are gathered together -
Listen to me and attend.
I bring good news, my brethren!'
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

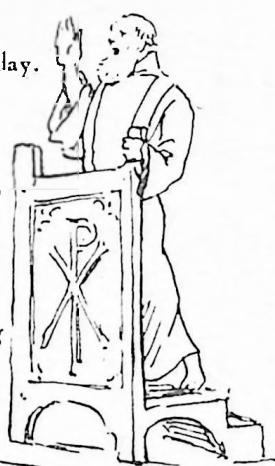
And he told the Ox of a Manger
And a Stall in Bethlehem.
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider,
That rode to Jerusalem.

They steamed and dripped in the chancel,
They listened and never stirred,
While, just as though they were Bishops,
Eddi preached them The Word.

Till the gale blew off the marshes
And the windows showed the day.
And the Ox and the Ass together
Wheeled and clattered away.

And when the Saxons mocked him,
Said Eddi of Manhood End.
I dare not shut His chapel
On such as care to attend.'

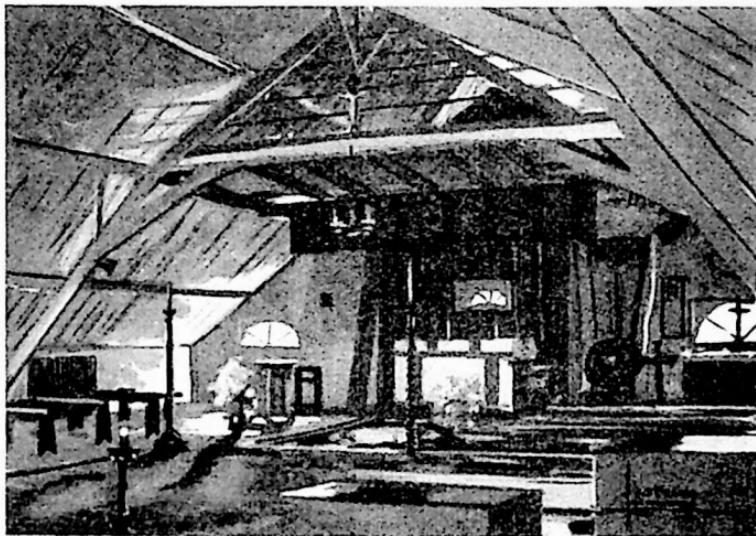
Rudyard Kipling



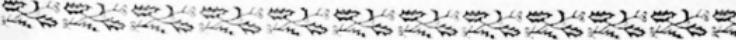
THE UPPER ROOM

"The only place on the Western Front that has kinship with Bethlehem."

Rev. E. K. TALBOT in a letter from TALBOT HOUSE, Poperinghe, 1916.



"O little town of BETHLEHEM", and a stall—the Cradle of man's Salvation. Dare we compare with it a little Flanders town, and a loft, where multitudes have worshipped and some men have been born again? Men plain as Shepherds, wise as Kings, bringing the only gift they had—themselves. Men who came casting down their burdens and who went away rejoicing, because they had heard the song of angels and seen a Star shining above the place of their pilgrimage.



CHRISTMAS COMES TO APPLEBYE

FOR good natured gossip and not a little wisdom commend me to the bar parlour of an English inn; and of all inns send me to the one which stands half-way down the main street of the village of Applebye. The name of the inn is the *Rose and Thorn*—rather an unusual one, I think; and when I say that you can't miss it I mean precisely that, for it is the only inn which the village boasts. I first saw it a few years ago when one summer I went to stay with an old friend, a doctor, who had recently bought the local practice. Each succeeding summer I returned, with increasing knowledge and affection. Then came the war which put an effective stop to my visits, and it was not until the Christmas of 1945 that I was able to go down again.

It was Christmas Eve when I arrived; a clear, cold night with a smell of snow in the air. It was good to be back again, to see the lamps shining in the cottage windows and to hear the cheery greetings of Sam Dukes, the porter, "I be wholly pleased to see you again, Mr. Holmes."

A ten minute walk across the fields brought me within sight of my friend's house, a pleasant Georgian building flanked by beech trees. As I walked up the drive I could see the light of a fire burning in the study grate.

"My dear Dick," said Jack, as he opened the door, "it is good to see you again. And at Christmas, too. I want to hear all about your excitements. Nothing startling ever happens here."

So, sitting before a log fire and sipping an excellent sherry which he admitted having bought specially for the occasion, I tried to satisfy his curiosity. It was not until dinner was over and we were back in the study that I was able to ask him about himself and about the village; and for an hour we talked as friends will about things and people which interest only themselves.

The clock had just struck nine when Jack stirred from his chair. "It's a confounded nuisance, but I've got to go out to Ashby. What will you do? Go down to the *Rose and Thorn*?

“I think I will, as you’ve got to go out. When do you think you’ll be back?”

“Oh, I shan’t be long. I’ll pick you up at the inn on the way back. I’ve got to call there in any case. An unexpected confinement.” I showed my surprise, for Tom Moss and his wife, who own the inn, had been grandparents for many years. Jack grinned. “No, it’s not Tom. You’ll hear about it from the locals when you get there.”

I was a little mystified by the remark, but thought no more of it as I walked down to the inn. After six years of the uncertainties of war it was immeasurably peaceful to be back where one could almost feel the sustaining power of permanence, a permanence which seems to persist in the countryside as nowhere else.

The *Rose and Thorn*, like the village, is small and unpretentious. From without, the traveller would give it no more than a passing glance; but within there is the charm of centuries. I knew that when I had crossed the threshold I would see no chromium monstrosities, no cheap, stained deal tables, but the rich, dark glow of old oak and the glint of pewter on the shelves. I opened the door and went in.

The parlour was full of familiar figures. Behind the bar, drawing ale from a cask, was the portly figure of Tom Moss, kindest and shrewdest of hosts. Sitting in his usual corner was old Dave Garton, hedger and ditcher for more than fifty years; next to him was my friend the porter; while opposite stood that giant of a man, Ben Field, smith and worker in iron. The inn hadn’t changed; to enter it was as if I had not been away even for one year. There they all were; familiar faces, grown only a little older with the years.

As I entered, heads were turned to see who was the new-comer, and then there was a chorus of “It be Mr. Holmes. We be wholly glad to see you, Mr. Holmes.” Almost before I had time to return their greetings I found myself in a chair in the corner, with a tankard of ale on the table beside me. For the

next half hour or so I faced a battery of questions about life in the Army, about the Desert, about the strategy and tactics of battle.

Through all this questioning old Dave had remained silent. But now I noticed that he was making his customary preparations before speaking. He took his pipe from his mouth, peered reflectively into his tankard, took a long drink, replaced the tankard carefully, and again peered reflectively into it. We all knew the signs and waited for him to speak.

"Fair to me, Mr. Holmes, you be seein' the world. But I'd rather have a mind to my 'edges and ditches."

There was a general laugh at this comment, and I asked, "How do you mean, Dave?" Dave took another drink. "World be wholly big place, Mr. Holmes. It b'ain't like 'ome. For fifty years and more I been knowin' my 'edges and ditches. And they knows me. The world be an un'omely place."

"Reckon," said Tom, "you can make 'ome of most places, savin' troublesome folk loike."

"Aye," put in Sam, speaking from the wide experience of his station, "Tom's it nail on 'ead. I've seen folk you couldn't make 'ome with this month o' Sundays. It's folk wot makes 'omes, not places."

"And," put in Tom, "it's folks wot's wrong. There bain't nothin' wrong with Dave's 'edges and ditches for they be what they allus 'as been, 'edges and ditches. They don't change loike. Us do. And, fare to me, it ain't allus for the best."

Dave was again going through the preparations prior to speaking. Lifting his head he surveyed the assembled company which had been joined by a dozen or more of the villagers.

"There bain't no more Christians," he asserted with an air of finality.

"Reckon," said Ben, "there never 'as been no more than One."

"Folk bain't worse than they used to be," said a voice. Farmer Gretton was regarded as a knowledgeable man, and everyone waited for him to continue. "Folk bain't worse

than they used to be," he repeated. "Appen they never *were* much. But Christmas time they be better than any other time. First Christmas weren't much for them it 'appened to. Stable bain't right bed for new-born babe. An' stable's not bed for folk upstairs. We knows what Tom and his missus done. 'Appen folk never *were* much. 'Appen they be better."

"Oh, come now," said Tom, "me and my missus bain't done nothin'."

"What is all this?" I asked.

"It bain't nothin' at all," replied Tom looking not a little embarrassed. "There's a couple upstairs expectin' choild loike. Car broke down and wife was took sudden. We couldna' do else but take 'em in."

I knew that there were only two rooms above the parlour. So Tom and his wife had moved into their sitting room.

"'Appen folk be better," reiterated Farmer Gretton, "Land-lord didna' move out of room first Christmas."

"Reckon," said Sam, "we could do wi' it over again. Maybe we wouldna' 'ang 'im this time."

"Aye," said an old man who had not yet spoken, "'twould be good thing were 'appenin' right now, upstairs."

Seth Andrews was a shepherd, and noted in the village for the queer things he was wont to say, "Christmas come to Applebye. I'd be wholly glad."

The silence that ensued was broken by Tom's wife whispering the news that the doctor had come. We began to talk again, but this time more quietly. There was in us all that feeling of helplessness which seizes a man who is in a house when a child is being born.

Suddenly there sounded clearly above our voices the cry of a new-born child. We stopped talking and looked at one another.

Very, very slowly old Dave Garton put down his tankard of ale. Very, very slowly he took off his old and battered hat.



JOHN DURHAM.

'SING AND BE MERRY'

The following is contributed by Padre Guy Moss, recently appointed to the Staff as Mark Padre, Leicester.

WE get a strange slant on human nature when we consider the place and importance of community singing in our Toc H life. It is an undoubted fact that the combined processes of filling our lungs with blended smoke and fug and converting the same into tuneful or cacophonous sound does add to our sense of unity and wellbeing. Soldiers are notoriously addicted to community singing, having a virility of technique coupled with a marked gift for revising the words of anything from *Open the Door Richard* to *God Our Help in Ages Past*, and the effect on general morale when in a tight corner is little short of miraculous. When taking services in hospital I have found it necessary to ban certain of the more rousing hymns for two reasons. First of all, sick soldiers would, when revived by the first notes of the piano, sing with such vigour that patients six wards away would take cover under the impression the next war had started, and secondly, the revised words, sometimes audible, were apt to combine the style of Messrs Moody and Sankey together with that of the more outspoken of the writers of the early folk songs, when inhibitions and conventions were unknown.

The Englishman has always enjoyed expressing himself in unison with other voices, witness the fact that our hymnals contain a far better selection of devotional verse for all occasions than those of any other part of Christendom. When we go to church we like to take part in the service, we enjoy singing, rather than merely listening to sacred concerts by expert choirs. In sorrow and in joy we sing, finding in the folk music of our own country and the marching and fighting songs of the world, an expression of something noble echoed by our most sacred thoughts and ideals. Thus it is natural that when the family of Toc H meets, community singing plays an important part in the programme of what is essentially Everyman's Club. With our song books and sheets, in the planning of this part of our fellowship life, do we make the best of the material available, and of the gift of our members?

Many would say that we do not, and I think that their reason would be that there is a certain sameness about our selection of

songs. We all love the old-time favourites; such epics as *Ten Green Bottles* and *One Fish Ball* are eternal nonsense in the classic style. In them is something of the genius of Lear and Lewis Carroll; they lift us from the serious to the sublimely comic in a way that few modern tunes or lyrics are capable of doing, but a collection of songs which fails to take into account the modern trend is, to say the least of it, incomplete.

The older members of Toc H were brought up on the smoking concert, and the old time music hall, the younger members, and that new generation, which all the Christian organisations are largely allowing to slip away, belong to an entirely new set-up. Today youth is entertained out of the can. The ear is agog, the eye is opened to receive, but the mouth is mainly shut and silent, and hands which ought to strum banjo or piano are still and folded. This is a sad state of affairs. Obviously it is better for twenty-two young men to play football, rather than for them to join the thousands who watch twenty-two men paid to do so. We would rather hear youngsters sing, than watch them drooling over the efforts of the voluptuous tight-bosomed blondes who caress the mike bewailing the tragedies of desertion and infidelity. A Toc H sing-song has got that something which the 'Ink Spots' lack, but if we are to show the young how to entertain themselves constructively we must bring our programmes up to date.

Taking into account the modern age of nerves and sophistication, our sing-songs ought not to last as long as they usually do. Also, they might well be spaced out by one or two solo efforts, not only at concerts, but also in the general course of informal meetings. We ought to preserve the freshness of the old favourites by seeing that they are not, in fact, worn to shreds by too much repetition. Youth very soon tires, even of the songs which it loves—witness the short life of most hits which is not only due to the gentle art of "plugging", or "killing". When the time comes for fresh selections to be issued, could the compilers see to it that the better kind of jazz ballad is included. Such songs as *Miss Otis Regrets*, *Roll Out the Barrel*, *Open the Door Richard*, and *Mister Paganini* have shown that they have survival value, and would not be unworthy of a place in our song sheets with the great national ballads which we all love.

If we are to use song in the right way, that is, if Toc H is going to help youth to relearn the art of entertaining itself, variety and novelty will have to be used to a far greater extent than they are today. We need to get the right balance between the excellent entertainment of the passive kind, laid on everywhere for young folk, and the older, self-entertainment which is a way of expressing that which is deepest in our fellowship. In pleasure and in labour, in hardship and also in prosperity, sing and be merry, but sing something worth while!

GUY MOSS.

A Note on Song Books

Although copies of Toc H Song Book are still available from Headquarters at 1s. 6d. each, the stock is melting. To produce a new edition at the present time would be very costly, and as there are many other excellent song books on the market it is not proposed to reprint. The following list has been compiled to assist Branches in their quest for songs. While incomplete, it offers a sufficiently wide range to meet most needs.

Published by Boosey & Hawkes :

<i>National Song Book</i>	Vocal score 7s. 6d. (paper cover) Words and melody 2s. 6d. (paper cover)
<i>Twice 44 Sociable Songs</i>	9d.
<i>Twice 55 Community Songs</i>	9d.
<i>Songs of Britain</i>	Vocal score 6s. (paper cover) Words and melody 1s. 6d. (paper cover)
<i>Seven Seas Shanty Book</i>	Vocal score 6s. (paper cover) Words and melody 1s. (paper cover)
<i>Twice 22 Choral Songs</i>	2s. 6d. (Male voices)
<i>Boosey Community Song Book</i>	Vocal score 6s. (paper cover) Words and melody 1s. (paper cover)
<i>Club Song Book</i>	Vocal score 3s., vocal parts 1s. 6d.

(We understand the above prices have recently been increased by 25%).

By Novello :

<i>Fellowship Song Book</i>	5s. 6d.
<i>Fellowship Hymn Book</i>	5s. pianoforte, melody 1s.

By Curwen :

<i>Community Song Book</i>	5s. 6d.
<i>Folk Songs for School</i> (Sharp & Baring Gould)	Pianoforte 7s. 6d. Vocal score 2s. 6d. Words only 9d.
<i>Community Song Book</i>	Pianoforte 6s. Vocal score 1s. 2d. Words only 9d.
<i>Scottish Students' Song Book</i> (Bayley & Ferguson)	10s.

News Chronicle Community Song Book 5s.

Album of Sacred Songs (Reid Bros.) 5s.

Hill-Billy Song Book (Francis & Day) 5s. 6d..

THE AIMS OF TOC H: FOUR MEDITATIONS—II

Here is the second of the Four Meditations on the Four Points of the Compass, used by JOHN JONES (Kent, Surrey and Sussex Area Padre) at the Staff Conference at Cambridge last September.

II—Service

HYMN: "Father hear the prayer we offer".
(Songs of Praise, 487).

Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work. And herein is that saying true, One soweth and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon you bestowed no labour: other men laboured and ye are entered into their labours.
(JOHN. 4:34, 37, 38.)

Let us pray:

O God who spreadest before our eyes the endless marvels of Thy creative power, teach us anew to praise Thee with thoughts of Thy true glory.

O Thou who dwellest in light unapproachable, awaken in our hearts adoration for the exquisite moderations of created light by which we know something of Thyself in the universe and its life. We praise Thee that we may understand by the things that are made, their life and laws and beauty, Thy eternal power and Godhead.

O Son of God, Jesus Christ our Lord, we worship Thee and share with all Thy church in Thy praise, for Thou hast made known to us the will of the Father, setting aside Thy glory and taking upon Thee the form of a servant.

O Holy Spirit we praise Thee who makest known to us the things of Christ.

Sanctify our praise, O God, and teach us how in our life and work we may multiply the deeds of charity and truth and be guided in all things by the mind of Christ. *Amen.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER

The challenge of service and the sacred experience which may occur in the fun and grind of it, seem to me so many imitations of God's presence and reality.

*"I went to seek for Christ,
And Nature seemed so fair
That first the woods and fields my youth enticed
And I was sure to find Him there . . .
But Winter came and shook
The crown and purple from my wood . . .*

*Back to the world I turned
For Christ, I said, is King . . .
Mid power and wealth I sought,
But found no trace of Him . . .
So from my feet the dust
Of the proud world I shook :
Then came dear Love and shared with me his crust
And half my sorrows burden took . . .
Fresh trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet,
Turned to the heedless city whence I came . . .
I followed where they led,
And in a hovel rude,
With nought to fence the weather from His head,
The King I sought for meekly stood;
A naked, hungry child
Clung round His gracious knee,
And a poor hunted slave looked up and smiled
To bless the smile that set him free . . .
I knelt and wept : my Christ no more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and the weak."*

(J. R. LOWELL)

Don't let us answer too quickly that such words are without meaning today. What of the faith and spirit they express? At least they may remind us that Christian service has a most distinguishing it from something called 'welfare'. For a contemporary application listen to this report of a Chinese Christian, living and working among Chinese Communists. I take it from a recent issue of the *Christian News Letter*:

"He believes that in his Christianity there are values and a strength which the Communists have not discovered. While he learns from them in the techniques of service, he may teach them something of tolerance, humility, co-operation, concern for each individual person and the life changing vitality of the Spirit of Jesus. In mutual influence new truth can be discovered and experienced."

How near does this way of living bring us to the Holy Gospel? Here are the words of Jesus:

"The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority are called, benefactors. But ye shall not be so: but he that is greatest among you let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. For whether is greater he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am among you as he that serveth." (LUKE 22: 25-27.)

Service is the spirit of Christian fellowship in action but it cannot multiply and be fruitful within the chances, changes, and hazards of experience, unless there lies behind it the whole discipline of personal religion.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in therewith: because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it. Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." (MATT. 7:13-20).

Let us pray:

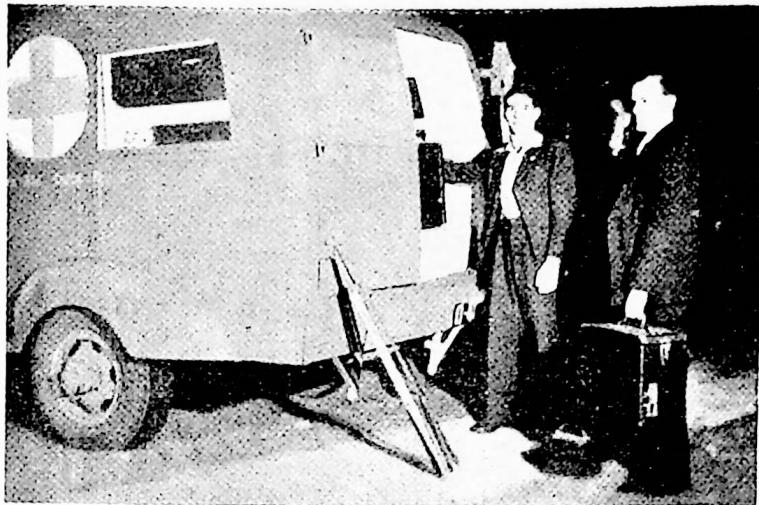
O LORD, who callest us to Thy service and hast inspired the manifold and world-wide undertakings of Toc H, we give Thee thanks for every faithful work done in Thy name by the members of our Family. Save us from dismay at the greatness of the tasks before us and from intolerance with the littleness of our appointed part in the work. Show us the secret of diligence that we fail not through lack of vision and faith. Let our hearts know the way to Thine altar where all our gifts of service may be sanctified by prayer and love. Impart unto us the wisdom of a true humility that we may escape the snares of pride and self-sufficiency, trusting in Thee alone and looking for the coming of Thy Kingdom. Amen.

REMEMBER, O God, the work of our friends in Toc H engaged on special missions at this time. For those working among lepers: let the compounds rejoice with the songs of cleansing and liberation. For those working in Germany and Palestine and India, we pray Thy protection and care at all times. Make their work a true ministry of reconciliation, a comfort to the distressed and means of succour to the weary and hard pressed. For those working among young men in schools, clubs, and training camps that they may do their work with knowledge and freedom, and for those among whom they work that they may find in their growing range of experience the supremacy of the Christian faith and life. And for other workers and other types of service for which we are concerned let us now, in silence, intercede with God. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN: "O Thou who camest from above"

(Songs of Praise 256.)

THE BLESSING



WESTERN AUSTRALIA PRESENTS—

EGGY, an inmate of the Salvation Army Women's Home, Perth, Western Australia, echoes the sentiments of similar folk, both young and old, in eighteen homes or institutes or hospitals, which are visited weekly by the Toc H Entertainments Unit from its base at Locksley Hall, the Toc H State Headquarters and Club in Stirling Street, long famous as a Toc H Services Club, and now changing step into civvy life, has been the birthplace of many ideas. This entertainment Unit is not the least of them. And it happened thus.

One morning the door of the Pilot Warden's room was thrown open by Jack, who entered not without some diffidence holding a copy of the JOURNAL opened at an account of the Belfast Film Unit's activities, and eager to do something similar in Perth where he felt sure there was a need for it. On an encouraging look from the Pilot Warden, Jack's idea commenced to sprout.

"O.K., Jack," said the P.W., "go ahead, it's a bonza idea." "Splendid," said Jack, "now what can you do?" "Do! what, me?" spluttered the P.W., in a manner well known and usually ignored, "I'm doing nothing, I'm sailing home. This time you blokes will have to tackle the job on your own!" "Goodo,"

said Jack—"then come with me and collect some information." "But," said the P.W., "I'm going home"—"We'll go to Gaumont British."—"I'm going . . ."

For three days Jack and the P.W. called on film corporations, projector manufacturers; wise men who keep files on everything in Government departments, and almoners of hospitals. So Jack

started the job. Fortnightly engagements were fixed up at the Children's Hospital with a silent cine-kodak projector belonging to a South Perth member, which had to be kept up to it in spite of a continuous 'flat spin' searching for films.

A talkie projector to take commercial 16 mm. films was needed at all costs. So why not? The only one to be had in Perth cost £200. There was nix in the kitty and funds were so low that the Area Treasurer, also somewhat low, was afraid even to be caught bending looking for them!

So the Area Executive was

asked to buy the projector. They didn't. But then Jack, another Toc H member, entered our story and he guaranteed the purchase price. But he didn't pay it either. The P.W.'s letters to the Red Cross and the State Charities did the trick.

Since then the Toc H Entertainment Unit has never flashed back. It functions every night in the week, volunteers providing both transport and the two operators: fourteen men, fully trained, are working in pairs, and the circuit continues to grow. During the first twelve months, 83 different shows have been given, and the appreciative audiences say with Peggy, "Thank you, and we are looking forward to your next visit."

So it is that light in Toc H travels. Belfast does a job; the JOURNAL broadcasts the seed of it, and Western Australia germinates a new piece of social service.

F.W.J.



A HOME FROM HOME

In this article lifted from THE COMPASS, the Journal of Toc H in Southern Africa, OSSIE JOSEPH mentions some of the ways in which Toc H Johannesburg is trying to extend a helping hand to immigrants.

TOC H in Johannesburg has been playing a valuable part in meeting the needs of settlers from overseas by providing accommodation for a number of them in its three Houses, "Talbot House", "Harrowby", and "Toc H House". In October a fourth House, "Entabeni", will be opened in Louis Botha Avenue as a residence for married ex-servicemen. Here, too, accommodation will be made available for immigrants.

In all these Houses the job consists not merely in providing a bed and three meals a day but also in offering friendship. But what of the scores of folk we must still turn away from our doors? If we cannot give them accommodation, is there not some other means by which we can at least show them hospitality?

An Interesting Experiment

These are the questions which the various branches in the city had been asking themselves and which caused the jobmasters in both the men's and the women's sections to come together. The outcome of their discussions was an interesting experiment. A social evening was arranged for Saturday, August 16th, at which members and certain of their friends hoped to meet some of the folk who had recently arrived in the city. Padre Joe Webb very kindly placed the Methodist Central Hall at our disposal for the occasion. A general invitation was extended to settlers through the medium of the press, and by means of notices to various interested bodies and posters put up at strategic points.

There were some who were doubtful about the venture and prospects were certainly not very encouraging when Saturday evening arrived and, with only ten minutes to go before the scheduled starting time, hosts were present in goodly numbers but of guests there was only a handful. However, fears were soon dispelled as the slow trickle of arrivals quickly developed into a swift stream. By the time Peter Hobbs, District Chairman, stood up to start welcoming the guests, over 200 people filled the hall.

It was a great evening—there were folk from all parts of the British Isles, a trio of lasses from Australia, and even a representative from Holland. They apparently all had at least two

things in common—an appreciation of Harry Campbell's Scotch humour and the ability to sing. From *Loch Lomond* the crescendo rose until the "barrel" was "rolled out" in tones reminiscent of army days. The South Africans thought they would show the newcomers how to sing *Sarie Marais*. They were astounded to discover how little tuition the late 'Pommies' really needed! Then followed musical items by Miss Audrey Knight and Mrs. Hindshaw which brought appreciative applause.

Befriending Strangers in a Strange Land

Refreshment time was the signal for the hosts to move around and make the closer acquaintance of their guests. This was really the most important part of the whole evening, for behind the planning of the function lay the hope that our hospitality would not stop here; that our members might at some future date be able to act as hosts in their own homes to people who in many cases were still strangers in a strange land, and who for some time to come could not hope for homes of their own.

The second part of the programme was devoted to a quiz contest between a team of new settlers and a side representative of the established residents. Harold Winfrey as Quiz Master succeeded in introducing a good deal of mirth into the competition. The settlers may not have had sufficient time to study the habits of South African fauna, but they ought to have known what it is a female elephant possesses which no other animal has—a baby elephant! As it was they lost by one point.

Before the evening came to a close, Mr. W. Mackenzie, Secretary of the 1820 Settlers Association, expressed the thanks of the immigrants for an evening which had been thoroughly enjoyed by all. The experiment had undoubtedly been a success and further similar functions in the near future can be expected.



JIM DAVIES

After long service on the full-time staff of Toc H Jim DAVIES has taken up his duties as Vicar of Ayot St. Lawrence (where George Bernard Shaw lives) with Ayot St. Peter, Welwyn, Herts.



At a recent Rally

He will continue to serve Toc H in a part-time capacity in the Herts. and Beds. Area. Jim joined our staff in June, 1933, and was appointed an Area Padre in Yorkshire, then a single Area. He worked from Clarendon House, our Hostel in Hull, with Alan Colthurst as his colleague, working from Brotherton House, Leeds. In 1936 he moved to Liverpool, as Padre of the North-Western Area, together with Lakeland. He began the war at Gladstone House, in touch with many men of the Royal and Merchant

Navies, and then took a chaplaincy in the R.A.F. During the Battle of Britain he served on a station where the young fighter-pilots went up and often did not return; in 1945 he was in Germany with the occupying Air Force. We express our best wishes to Jim in his parish work and our satisfaction that he will continue to serve in our Family.

A TOC H GIFT BOOK

Last year Hilda Hughes, wishing to help Toc H, had the excellent idea of producing a *Toc H Gift Book* of short stories by many hands and devoting profits on it to our funds. It was so successful that the first printing was quickly exhausted, and a second, achieved under great difficulties of paper shortage, also sold out. This year she has repeated her generous offering in *Toc H Gift Book*, No. 2. Its 250 pages contain two dozen items—food for all moments and moods. It is indeed a gift book—an admirable Christmas gift to friends, which will bring a substantial gift to Toc H. The publisher is Hilda Devereux, the price 8s. 6d.

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